

THE 'WELCOME TO 1984' ISSUE **£1.00**

KNOCKABOUT

COMIX

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Harper
Hunt
Emerson
George
Szostek
Mike
Matthews
Steve
Gibson
Myra
Hancock
Eddie
Campbell
John
Erasmus
Slim Smith
Steve Bell
David Hine
ADULTS ONLY



WELCOME TO 1984

I MEAN, IT DOESN'T
REALLY MATTER
MAN..... IF THEY
BLOW-UP TH'
PLANET, THEY
BLOW-UP THE
PLANET—DIG IT?



The latest Knockabout to beat the Reagan-Cruise-Thatcher Blow It All Away society. This good time comic of outrageous ideas, art and optimism, blessed by the Cosmic Church of Universal Uncertainty, will bring to the reader no sense of hope for the future, no increase in consumption of illicit substances, no sudden political or religious conversions. (i.e. going blind and falling off your ass). But it might while away the time between now and armageddon.

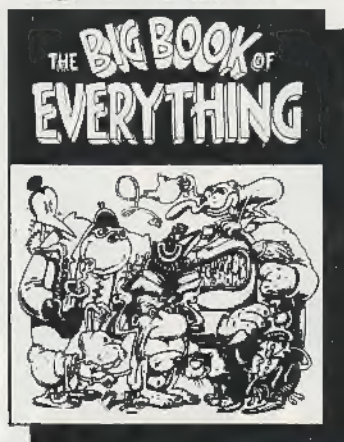
It's available all over the world, wherever people are laughing. But get it quick, before THEY decide you shouldn't read it. We are still waiting to go to court for the last bust of comics and books that the moral arbiters of taste decided would send you all completely out of control. Your donations are still essential to our defence effort and may be sent direct to us or to deposit a/c 7337635 at Lloyds Bank, 32 Oxford Street, London W1.



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1984? JESUS,
I'LL NEVER FORGET
IT. THE WHOLE
DAMN WORLD WENT
CRAZY. THINGS
WERE NEVER QUITE
THE SAME AFTER.....

1984

IT ALL BEGAN FOR ME IN AN
AMSTERDAM GAY BAR - THE
STURM UND DRANG - NEAR
THE STATION.



I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A CAPER
FOR SECTION 7. IT ALL HUNG ON A
CONTACT IN THE ITALIAN NEO-NAZI
MOVEMENT AND SOME VIDEOS -



BUT ALL THAT WAS SOON IN THE
PENDING FILE....

NECHAEV
SPEAKIN'!



COME HOME
IMMEDIATELY - YOUR
MOTHER IS VERY SICK!

MOSCOW! SOMETHING WAS UP....
PRETTY BIG.... MY STOMACH GOT
THAT SINKING FEELING. 10 HOURS
LATER I WAS BACK IN RED SQUARE -



FORGET
ITALY. NECHAEV - THIS
IS TOP PRIORITY. HAVE YOU
FOLLOWED DEVELOPMENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN?

NO COMRADE - FOR
LIGHT RELIEF
I READ THE
COMICS!



WELL, IT'S GONE
BEYOND A JOKE - IT'S
THOSE ANARCHIST
BASTARDS - WE SHOULD
HAVE FINISHED THEM OFF IN
1921 WHEN WE HAD THEM BY THE
BALLS - BUT THIS IS NO TIME
FOR REGRETS....

MOSCOW HAS ALWAYS BEEN PARANOID
ABOUT ANARCHISM. AS FAR AS I WAS
CONCERNED IT'S SIMPLY A PETIT-
BOURGEOIS DEVIATION - BUT I WAS
SOON TO CHANGE MY OPINION....



I'LL START AT THE BEGINNING...3 WEEKS
AGO THE **LONDON ANARCHIST
FEDERATION** STAGED A COUP.
WITHIN 2 DAYS THEY'D
SEIZED TOTAL POWER.
TOTAL POWER...



WITH THOSE WORDS A
FARAWAY LOOK CAME INTO HIS
EYES—LIKE WHEN THE POPE
SAYS "STATE OF GRACE..."

IT SOUNDED TO ME AS IF THESE
ANARCHISTS HAD BEEN READING
THEIR **LENIN**.



THEIR FIRST ACT WAS TO
PUBLICLY EXECUTE THE
ENTIRE ROYAL FAMILY IN
TRAFALGAR SQUARE—
SOMETHING ABOUT **WAT
TYLER** AND SETTLING OLD
SCORES—EVER HEARD
THAT NAME?

I HADN'T—BUT I MADE A
NOTE TO RUN IT THROUGH
THE COMPUTER.



WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY
DEAD WE'VE LOST OUR
MAIN SECTION OVER
THERE.... BUT IT GETS
WORSE...

HE GLANCED AROUND
NERVOUSLY....



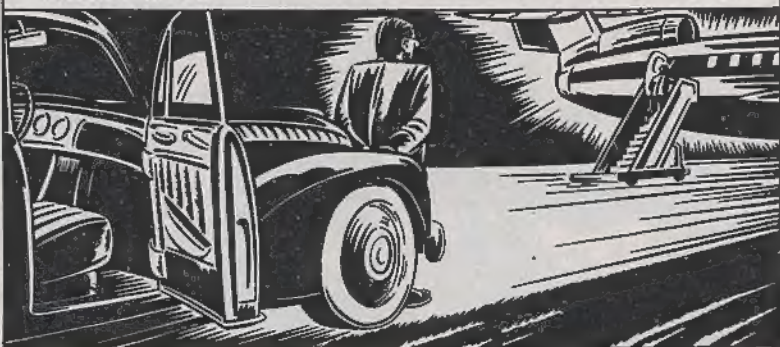
6 DAYS AGO ONE OF THEIR
TERROR SQUADS ENTERED
MOSCOW. WE THOUGHT
THEY WERE AFTER THE
CENTRAL COMMITTEE SO
WE INTENDED TO LET
THEM GO AHEAD—

WE WERE **WRONG**. THEY
GAVE US THE SLIP. NEXT
THING THEY'RE BACK
IN LONDON—MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED—SUCCESSFULLY

DISGUISED AS LABOUR M.P.'S
ON A FRATERNAL FACT FINDING
MISSION THEY VISITED THE
PEOPLES MAUSOLEUM IN RED
SQUARE. INSIDE THEY OVER-
POWERED THE GUARDS....
AND STOLE LENIN'S
CORPSE!



WITHIN AN HOUR I WAS ON AEROFLOT FLIGHT 127 —
DESTINATION LONDON. MY ORDERS — LOCATE THE BODY AND
BRING IT BACK. NO FAILURE PERMITTED I HAD A BAD
FEELING



APPROACHING HEATHROW WAS
THE MOST FRIGHTENING
EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE —
THE ANARCHISTS WERE
RUNNING THE **CONTROL
TOWER**



EVENTUALLY WE
PARACHUTED OUT OVER
LEEDS!

MOSCOW SAID LENIN WAS
SOMEWHERE IN A PLACE
CALLED **BRIXTON**. I HAD
A CONTACT IN CAMDEN, A
FELLOW TRAVELLER —
SHE WAS IN QUITE A
STATE

I CAN'T BE SEEN
TALKING TO YOU. IT'S
INSANE HERE, YOU MUST
GET ME OUT! THEY'VE
FORMED THEIR OWN POLICE!
THEY'VE FORCED THE OLD
SPECIAL BRANCH TO
DEMOLISH ALL THE
PRISONS!



ANOTHER WEEK OF THIS
AND I'LL GO **MAD!**

SHE WAS NO USE — I WAS
ON MY OWN — I WENT TO
BRIXTON.

I'LL SAY THIS, THE ANARCHISTS
MADE THE BUSES RUN ON TIME.
BRIXTON WAS A CROSS BETWEEN
DANTES INFERNO AND A DOCK-
LAND BAR IN PETROGRAD THE
NIGHT **STALIN** DIED —
ANYTHING WENT!



I FIGURED I'D HAVE TROUBLE LOCATING LENIN. NOT SO—THEY'D PUT HIM ON **PUBLIC DISPLAY** IN **BRIXTON MARKET**. **NO ONE** TOOK ANY NOTICE....



IT WAS **WIERD**. SOMEHOW THEY'D WIRED HIM UP SO THAT HIS **ARMS WAVED** ABOUT AND HIS **LIPS MOVED**. A TAPE OF HIS '**INFANTILE DISORDER**' WAS PLAYING....



ANARCHISM WAS A PENALTY FOR THE **SINS** OF THE WORKING CLASS—I TOOK ON A **RUTHLESS** STRUGGLE AGAINST DILLETANTE ANARCHISM—THE **INSTABILITY** OF SUCH REVOLUTIONISM, IT'S TENDENCY TO TURN INTO **SUBMISSION**, APATHY, PHANTASMS, A **FRENZIED** INFATUATION WITH ONE **BOURGEOIS FAD** OR ANOTHER—**CLICK... CLICK... WHIRR...**

THE CORPSE **JERKED** SPASMODICALLY FOR A MOMENT UNTIL AN ANARCHIST **KICKED** IT AFFECTIONATELY BEHIND THE **KNEE** WITH THE WORDS—



WITH A **JOLT** HE STARTED AGAIN. EMBALMING FLUID **DRIBBLED** FROM BETWEEN HIS **LIPS...**

CLICK...WHIRR...CLICK VICTORY OF THE VANGUARD...**REVOLUTION...CLICK LIQUIDATION...WHIRR...AND FULL ELIMINATION** OF IT'S ERRORS...**ERRORS...CLICK...ERRORS...ERRORS...WHIRR...**



A YOUNG ANARCHIST REACHED DOWN AND PULLED THE **PLUG**. LENIN FELL SILENT—A STRANGELY **SAD** EXPRESSION IN HIS FACE...



THE FIRST PART OF MY MISSION WAS COMPLETE—I'D FOUND THE **CORPSE**. BUT HOW TO GET IT BACK TO THE **MOTHERLAND?** BRIBERY WOULDN'T WORK—THEY'D ABOLISHED **MONEY**. I COULDN'T SHOOT MY WAY OUT—THERE WERE **MILLIONS** OF THEM—I'D GET NO FURTHER THAN **GLAPHAM COMMON!**

BUT IT WOULD BE A LOT EASIER THAN THAT...IT'S A LONG STORY—HOW THE ANARCHISTS TURNED ME AROUND, IT WASN'T THAT DIFFICULT—MAINLY **SEX** AND **DRUGS**—I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A PUSHOVER FOR THAT SORT OF THING...THEY EXPLAINED THEIR PLAN...**RE-PROGRAMME** THE CORPSE, SEND IT BACK TO **LENINGRAD** ON A **LUFTHANSA** FLIGHT WITH ME AS IT'S **BODYGUARD**—SEEM'S THEY'D HAD THE IDEA ONE NIGHT IN A **BRIXTON SQUAT** WITH THE AID OF SOME HOME GROWN DEVIL WEED....**AND IT WORKED!**

...WITHIN A WEEK OF LENIN'S ARRIVAL AT **LENINGRAD AIRPORT**—TO A HERO'S WELCOME—**REVOLUTION** HAD **SWEPT RUSSIA!**

...AND ALL DONE BY A **PRE-PROGRAMMED CORPSE**—AND A HANDFULL OF **DEDICATED REVOLUTIONARIES.**



STORY AND ART BY **CLIFFORD HARPER © 1983**

CALCULUS

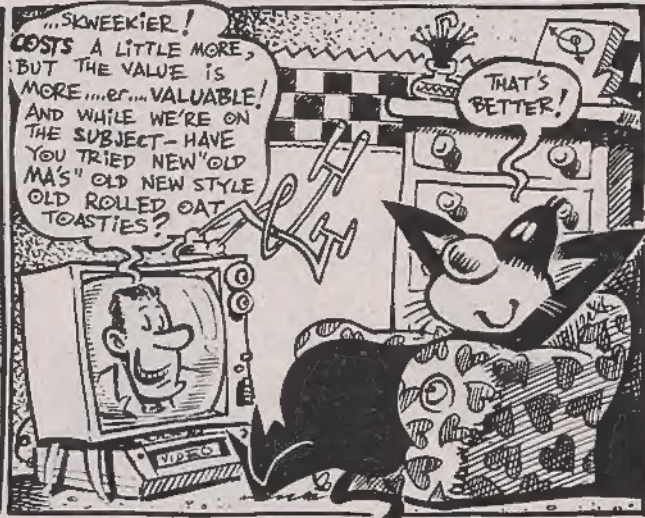
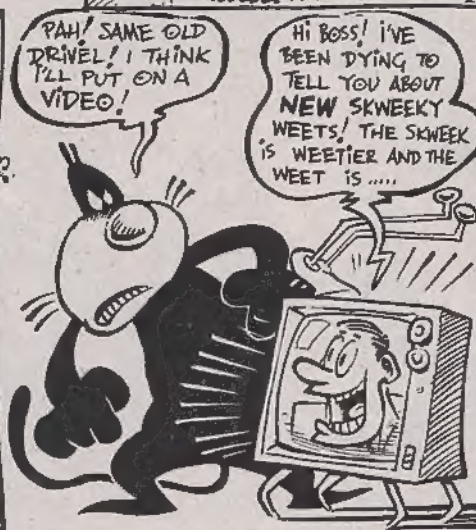
CAT

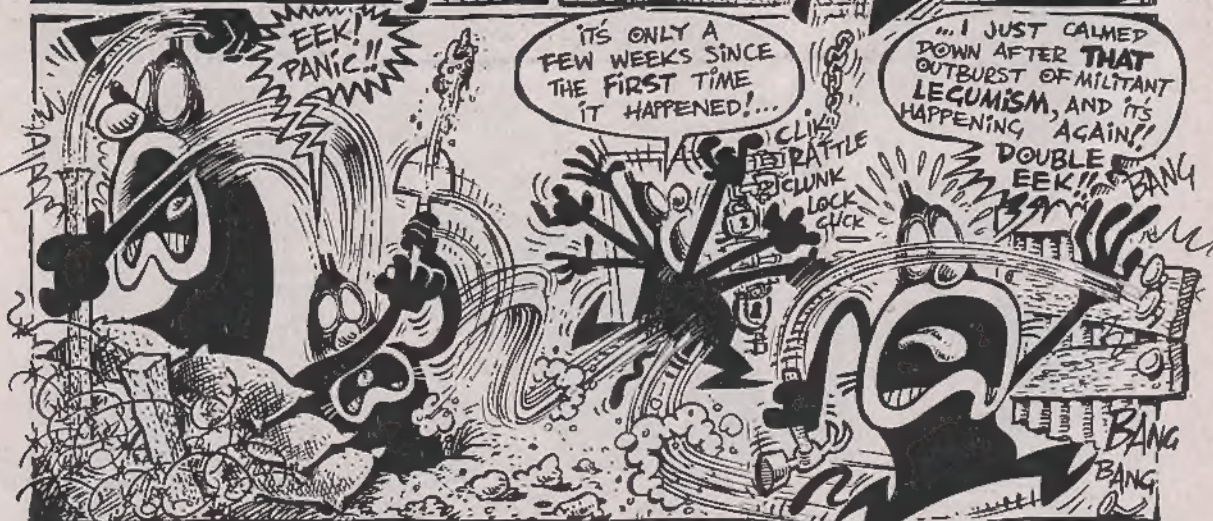
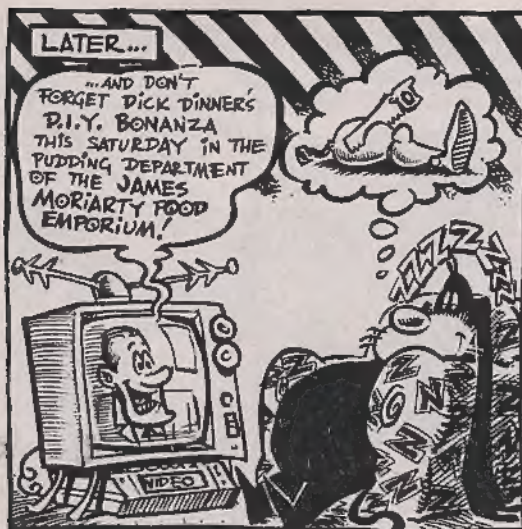
HUNT EMERSON:

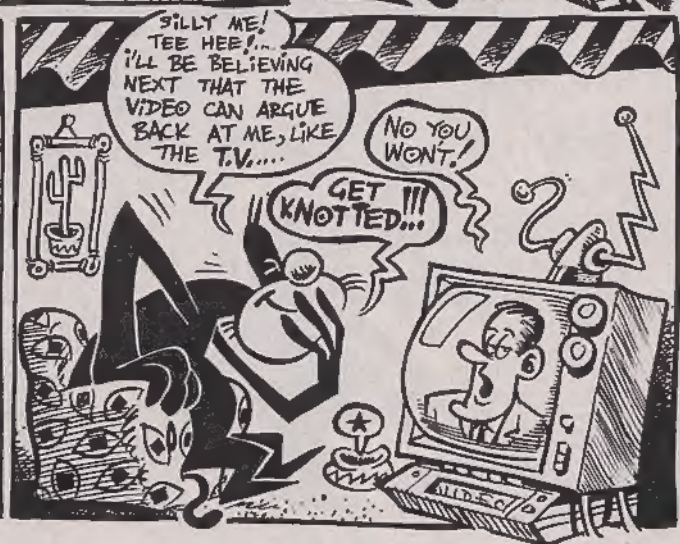
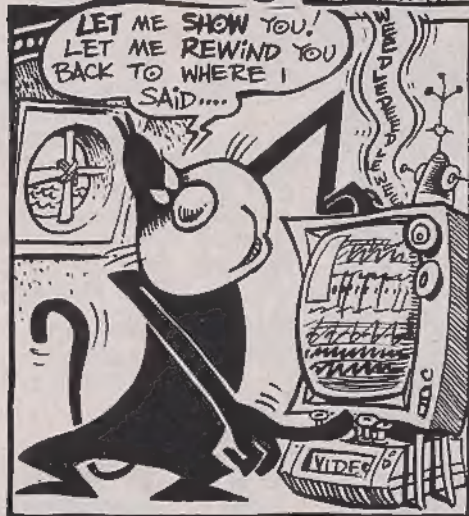
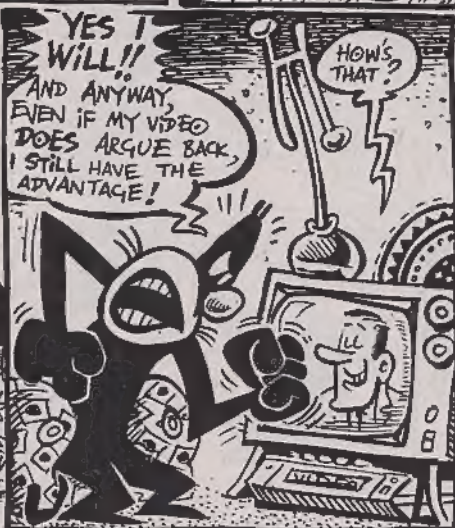
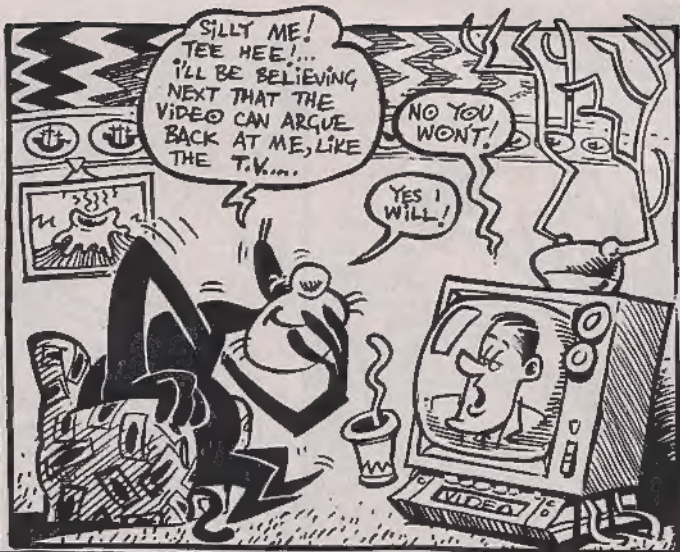
★ HERE'S CALCULUS, ENGAGED AS USUAL WITH HIS "GRIN". BUT WHAT THOUGHTS STRIVE BEHIND THE FAMED FELINE'S REVERED RICTUS? LET'S TUNE IN AND FIND OUT....

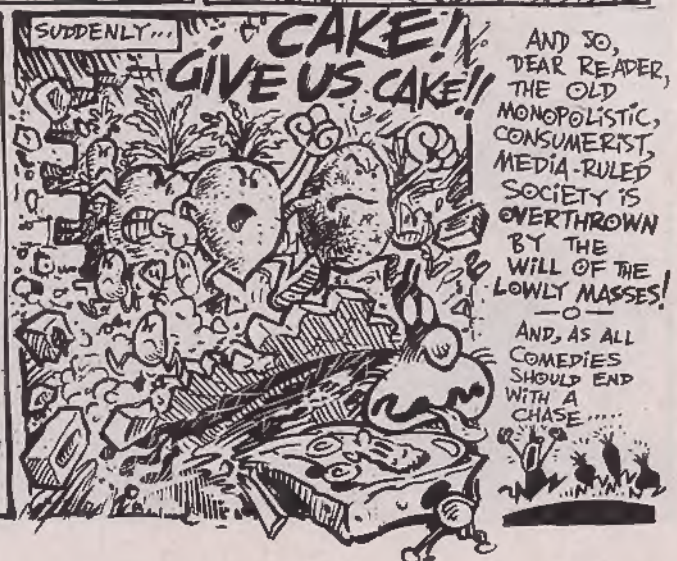
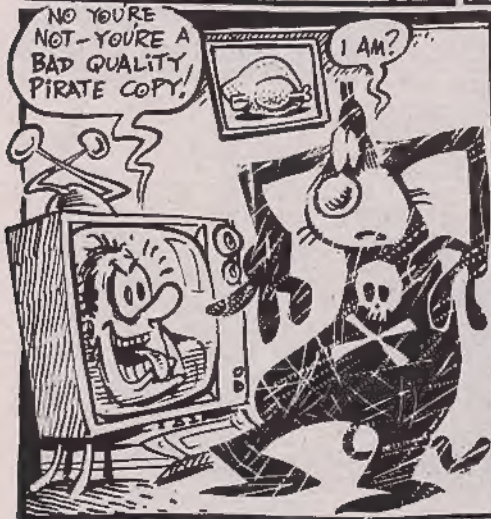
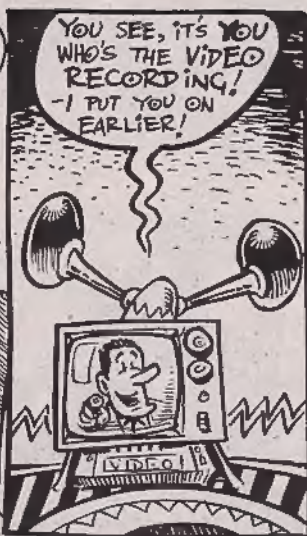


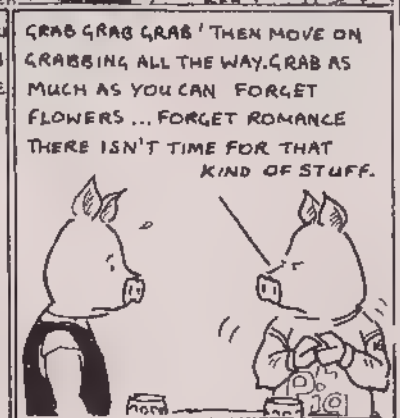
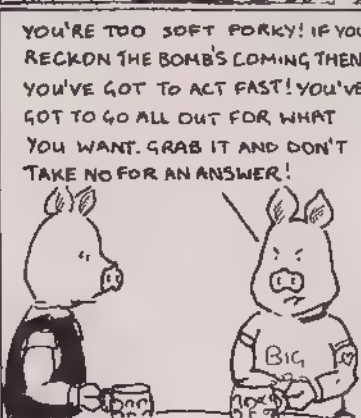
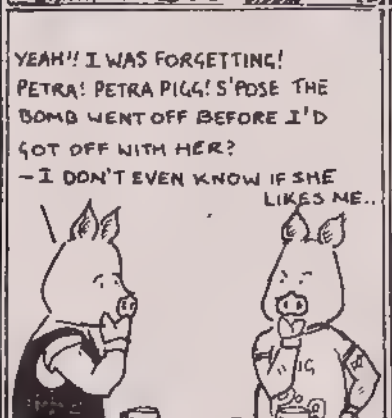
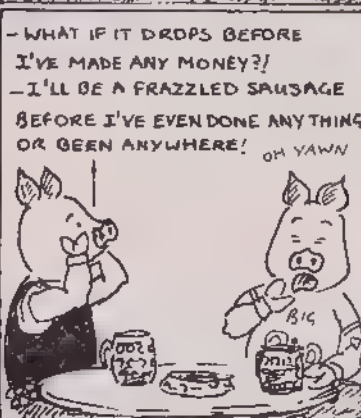
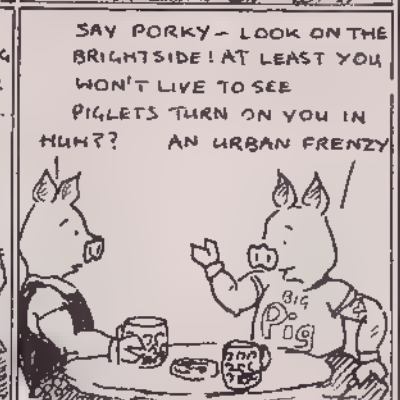
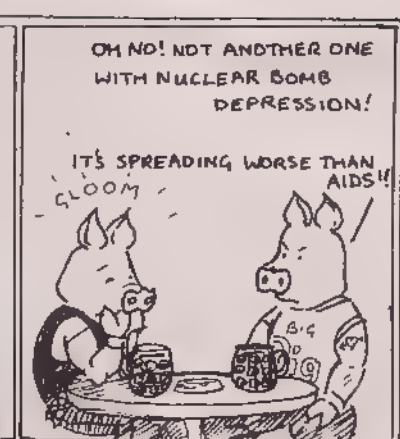
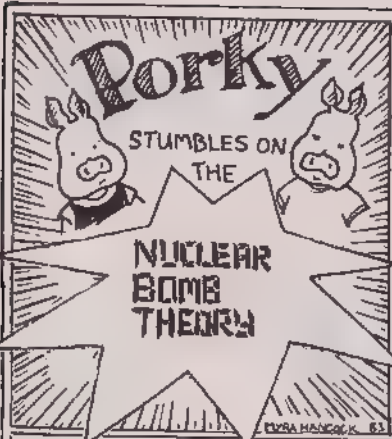
...INSANE KILLERS ROAM THE STREETS....TANKS AT THE DOLE....EVEN THE LOWLY VEGETABLES OF THE EARTH ARE DEMANDING THEIR SHARE OF THE CAKE!!
OH, MY HEAD.... NEARLY HOME AT LAST.....
SOB







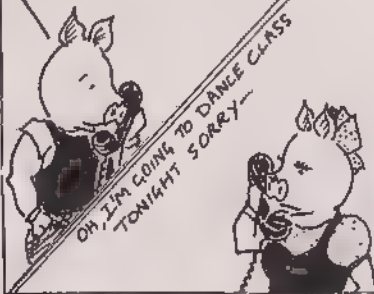




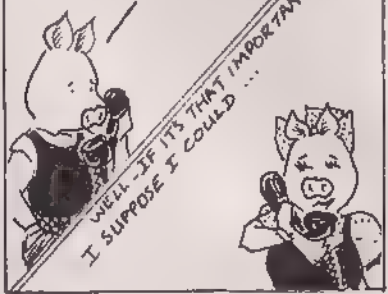
GO AND CALL HER AND DEMAND
THAT SHE COMES OUT FOR A
DRINK TONIGHT— REMEMBER
—DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER



PETRA? IT'S PORKY HERE—I
WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D LIKE
TO COME OUT FOR A DRINK
TONIGHT?



—B-BUT IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT
THAT I SEE YOU TONIGHT—
—CAN'T YOU SKIP DANCE
CLASS?



GOOD—I'LL PICK YOU UP
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK THEN
—BYE!



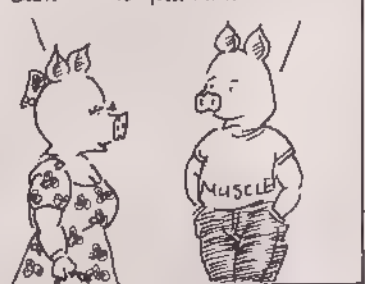
HI— HEY YOU LOOK GREAT!

WHY, THANK YOU
(CREEP)

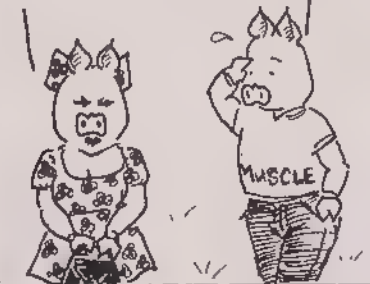


WHERE ARE WE GOING

I THOUGHT WE COULD
WALK ACROSS THE PARK
TO GRUNTERS WINE BAR



PHEN I'M HOT—
LET'S SIT DOWN FOR A BIT
I THOUGHT WE WERE
GOING FOR A DRINK!



OI!! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE DOING?!!

BUT PETRA, THIS MIGHT BE
MY LAST CHANCE
BEFORE THE
BOMB DROPS



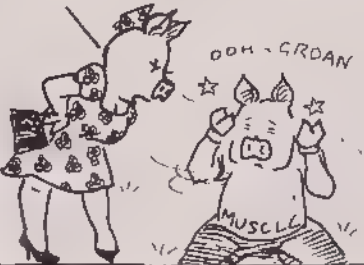
—WHY— THAT'S THE DUMBEST
EXCUSE I EVER HEARD!!



YOU'RE MEANT TO BE MY DATE
—SO WHERE ARE MY FLOWERS?
—WHERE ARE MY CHOCOLATES?
—YOU CHEAPSKATE! ALL THAT
HOG WASH ABOUT
THE BOMB! HUH!



—YOU'RE JUST A MEAN, SELFISH
SLOB! A FATGUT! A SPINELESS
LITTLE RAT! JUST OUT FOR
GRABBING EH? WELL YOU DON'T
TREAT ME SO CHEAPLY!



— I DON'T EVEN LIKE YOU!
I ONLY COME OUT TONIGHT
BECAUSE I FELT SORRY FOR
YOU!

—YOU'RE WORSE THAN USELESS
PORKY—I HATE YOU!!



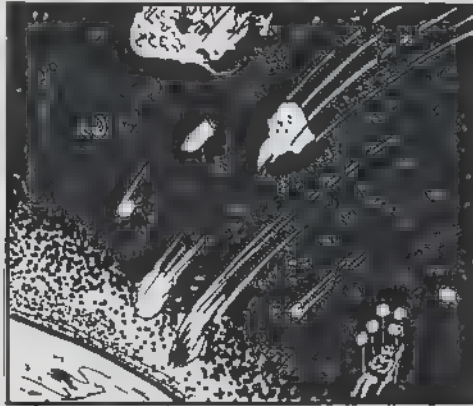
DRESS REHEARSAL FOR A NUCLEAR WAR

WITH A VARIETY OF FIGURES

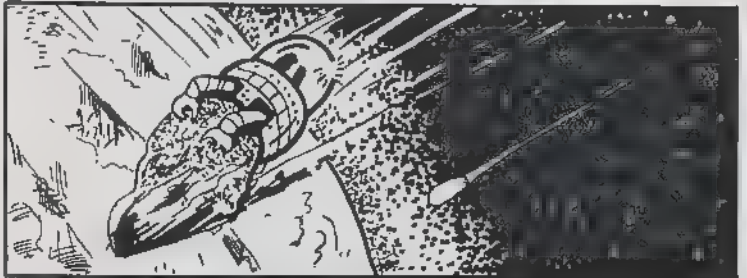
FROM THE CONTEMPORARY CULTURAL
LANDSCAPE INCLUDING PETE THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL

by
Theo

PART ONE MY STORY HINGES ON A
REMARKABLE SERIES OF
COINCIDENCES — ONE — A METEOR
HAIL ENTERS THE UPPER REACHES OF
OUR ATMOSPHERE. SOME OF THE ROCKS
DON'T BURN OUT BUT COME DOWN IN
THE ATLANTIC OVER THE CONTINENTAL
SHELF.



ON ONE OF THESE
ROCKS A SMALL
CRAFT RIDES
PGGY-BACK TO
THE SURFACE
OF OUR PLANET



TWO —
UNAWARE OF
THIS OCCURRENCE
THE USSR
AT THE SAME
TIME LAUNCHES
A MISSILE
ATTACK ON
THE BRITISH
ISLES



recipe for mushroom soup

B O M B V O Y A G E

NO HYPER THE PARTY OF THE 90S THROUGH THE MIND OF DRUGS COMMUNISM

NOTHING CREATES THE NUMBER ONE

THEY WILL BE CELEBRATED

IT'S THE FOUR MINUTE WARNING TO YOU FOOL

LATE SHORTEN T TAKE OUT THE MIDDLE E AT

MORE TO COME

[illegible]

A large, high-contrast, black and white image of a dense, textured surface, possibly a wall or a large object, with a small, dark, rectangular object visible in the lower right corner.

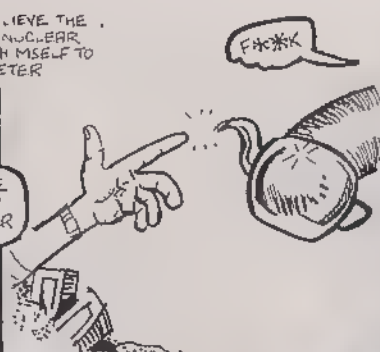
K. W. T. E. R. E. O. M. S. G. T. H. E. I. G. H. T. M. I.
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 T. H. E. J. O. Y. T. E. E. P. E. S.

INSIDE OF WHICH SLIGHTLY ASKEW,
OUT OF WORK WITH A PICKER 5
KNOCKED ABOUT A 3.1

'Spy satellite' claim over jumbo jet

paradise misplaced

THREE MOST OF BRITAIN'S INHABITANTS BELIEVE THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN STRUCK BY A NUCLEAR BOMB. SLIGHTLY ASKEW FURTHERMORE BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE IN HEAVEN AND THE ALIEN TO BE ST PETER



FOUR WITH THE ALIEN IN TOWN SLIGHTLY WALKS OUT WITH ROSE COLOURED EYEBALLS



JONATHAN, A FRIEND OF THE LADIES AND A NEW TYPE OF THE MODERN ERA IS NEEDED ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES AT CARTOONISTS MAKING CHEAP GAGS ABOUT THE SITUATION



RUSSIANS
'BUILDING

KREMLIN

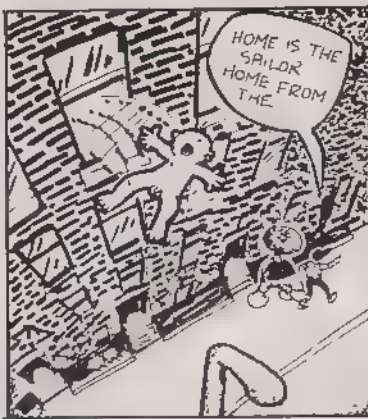
IN

AMERICA

THE NUCLEAR FAMILY, GEOFF AND JAN AND ONE OF THE R KIDS ARE LOOTING COLOUR TELEVISIONS - THE OTHER KIDS AT HOME - HE'S A DECIMAL FRACTION



NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING ABOUT IT WHICH IS PAR -



FILE BRITAIN BURNS, SCOTLAND PLAYS GUITAR -



PULL UP A FLOOR LL TST TUNE EP UP - THERE WE GO A LITTLE MELODY TO SOOTHE YOUR SAVAGE BREAST -



W SHIT ME TWO THREE FOUR



HE WANTS TO GET LAID... BUT HE JUST GETS WALKED ON... THAT'S..

LEO M. LINO

ISN'T SHE LOVELY?!
ISN'T SHE A DREAM?!

DON'T YOU WANT
TO OWN HER?!
WON'T SHE MAKE
YOU CREAM?!

CLIP THE COUPON IN
OUR TEEVEE PAPER
THEN LIE BACK AND
WE'LL TAKE OVER..
LET THE POSTMAN
PLACE OUR PRODUCT

WHAT HAVE
I DONE?

I CAN'T
AFFORD
A ROBOT!

1 ROBOT
DO NOT SEND

GROAN! MIGHT AS WELL FIND OUT
WHAT IT'S COST ME... OH! TEN
DAYS FREE TRIAL! WELL...
WHY NOT? "TO OPEN
BOX FEEL
SILKY FINISH...
RUB HANDS
SLOWLY UP
AND DOWN
THE BOX
AND THEN
START TO
RUB YOUR BODY

I'LL OPEN IT
MYSELF!

HOLD IT!

YUCH! THOSE ADVERTISING GUYS
ARE REAL CREEPS! IF I DIDN'T
NEED THE MONEY...

BUT.....
HOW CAN A BRAND NEW
ROBOT NEED MONEY?

NEW! I'VE BEEN AROUND!
FIRST OF ALL I WAS LEASED
TO THE...

HEY CAPTAIN
DESTINY!

SUPERSAVERS

WE'RE GOING TO
GET PULPED! HOW CAN
I AVOID THIS SITUATION?

WE'VE GOT THE
SPACE MONSTER
CORNERED!

LET'S
GO GET
IT!

OKAY! BUT LET'S SPLIT UP! YOU TAKE
THE FRONT DOOR AND I'LL HEAD THEM
OFF AT THE PASS!

THEM? ... I MEAN...
UGH! ME GO
KEMOSABAY!

ERK!
IT'S DARK
IN HERE!

WHAT'S
THAT
GLOW? A
LUMINOUS
SPACE
MONSTER?



NO! IT'S A T.V.! AND
ALMOST TIME FOR
MY FAVOURITE SOAP
OPERA!



AAH BLANKSVILLE!
IT'S SO
RELAXING
TO TUNE IN
AND FORGET
EVERYTHING!



OOP! SOME
THINGS ARE BEST
REMEMBERED!

ERK! I'M
BOXED IN!

OOH! HAVE
A NICE
TRIP, LOVE?
TEE HEE!

THE COUNCIL
OUGHT TO MEND
THOSE BROKEN
PAVING STONES

NEVER MIND! A HALF OF
GUINNESS 'LL MAKE US FEEL
BETTER! ERR... YOU'RE NOT
LOCAL, ARE YOU?

THE PIPE
AND
CLIPPERS

CHEERS, LOVE!
NOT MANY AS CAN
AFFORD A WHOLE PINT THESE
DAYS, YOU MUST BE IN WORK?

YES, I'M A
SUPERHERO!

YOU POOR
THING!

THE
SUPERHERO'S
FUNCTION
IS TO
RE-INFORCE
MACHO VALUES
AND PROTECT
CAPITAL!

AND WHAT
STAKE DO YOU
HAVE IN
SAVING
HUMANITY?!

YOU SHOULD BE A POET! AFTER ALL, NO-ONE KNOWS WHAT ITS LIKE TO BE A ROBOT! ...EXCEPT FOR ELECTRON-5, THAT IS, AND HE'S INTO PERFORMANCE ART!

WORLD MENACED BY ELECTRON-5 AGAIN!!

PICKLED ONIONS

BLUB!

BUT, IS IT POSSIBLE TO HAVE POETRY ON COMMERCIAL TELEVISION?

.... OH ALRIGHT! I'LL RE-CONSIDER MY CAREER DURING THE BREAK!

IT'S THE BRIGHT ONE! IT'S THE RIGHT ONE! THATS BARFIN!

BARFIN

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, LEO!

DIE WITHOUT A BARFIN!

BUY! BUY!

DIE! DIE!

HA! HA! HA!

FLATE

YES! YES! YES! YES!! MUST BUY LOTS MORE PRODUCTS!

AND THEN SOME MORE PRODUCTS!! YES PRODUCTS MORE PRODUCTS PRODUCTS PRODUCTS PRODUCTS PRODUCTS

PRODUCTS!

I USE DEODORANT,
BUT STILL THE GIRLS
SHUN ME!

HEY!

SNAP
OUT OF
IT!

UH! WHAT
HAPPENED?
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
ON TEEVEE!

I WAS ON TV!
IN AN AD!
BUT YOU
RESISTED
BUYING!

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M STRONGWILLED! T.V. HAS NO EFFECT ON ME! ●

CHALLENGING THE TRASH AESTHETIC

NOBODY
IS
INNOCENT.



DAN MANIAC

MOTOR-
PSYCHO
COP

EXTRAORDINAIRE

IN: THE
CURSE OF
THE STENCHING PIT!

NEW YORK

The City was quiet as usual.
Dan Maniac, killer detective,
was aching to shoot something.

Suddenly, his luck was in;
the 'Lopin' Geeks Nudist
Motorcycle Club' passed by
on their way from their bi-
annual picnic at the 'East
Harlem Hilton Motel'.

The 'Geeks' were
members of the
'Association of Incestuous
Californian Cannibals
and Coprophiliacs' and
they were some mean
motherfuckers.

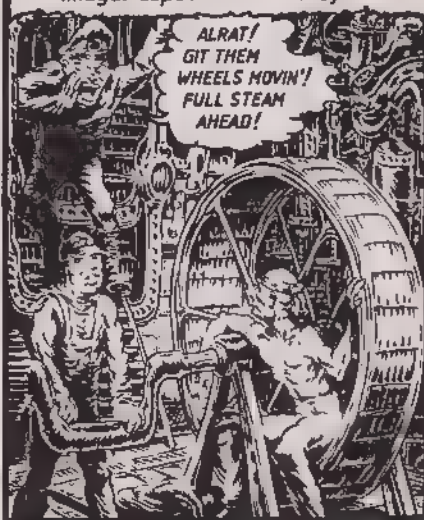
AHAA!
SUSPICIOUS
CHARACTERS!



Hurting into his sleek black 'Dusseldorf' Grumbler '47, Dan issued orders to his Chief Midget Engineer.



Down in the bowels of the engine live midget cogs. Small but loyal.



Dan revved the engine with mounting power...



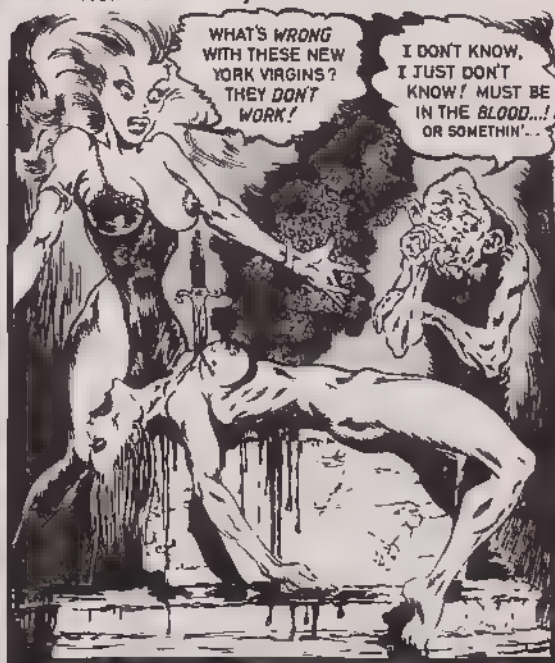
And leaped away to deal with his adversaries.



Meanwhile over in the dank Manhattan swamplands, strange and ghastly rituals were being performed.

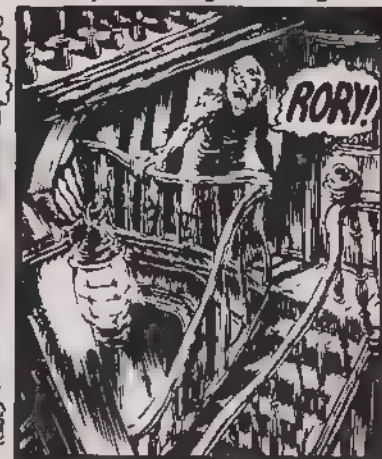


Deep within the claustrophobic rooms of the sinister mansion, Baroness Sadie van Saliva and her horrendously snotty assistant, Slyme, were sacrificing virgins in order to conjure up a demon from Hell so that they could rule the world!





Slyme slid away to summon his assistant. Slyme was above such menial jobs as virgin fetching.



Dan Maniac, meanwhile, had lost the bikers. Never fearing, he called on a trusted aide.



Wellington soared above the City, leering relentlessly. Soon...



A lone figure walked the streets. Apparently quite normal. Apparently,



Suddenly he stopped as a passing beetle spoke to him of imminent peril nearby...



YES! It was Whirling Willie! The 'Pantsless Super-powered Hero.' He hurled himself into action...!



He threw himself into the waiting sky like a psychopathic vulture eager to pounce on it's venomous prey...



RORY!
Back at the house, Slyme had found his hidden assistant.



SHUT UP! NOW LISTEN! GO OUT AND FIND A VIRGIN FEMALE HUMAN. THEN, BRING HER BACK HERE. GOT THAT?!



Rory was a hopeless snivelling *Dope Fiend!* A terror to civilization! He lurched onto the unsuspecting virgin-crammed placid streets.



Far above, Whirling Willie flashed past. Somehow, he had forgotten the beetle's message.



NOW WHERE IN SHIT AM I GOING. ?

Rory was having no luck at all.

HE IS A DOPE FIEND!
WE HAD BETTER KEEP AWAY FROM HIM!

PISS OFF.



Suddenly he was struck by 'Reefer Madness', a common ailment amongst hopeless dopefiends. He had to get money from somewhere to buy 'dope' and get 'high'. Luckily, he saw Dan Maniac.



TRY TO RAM ME OFF THE ROAD, WOULD YOU? ARE YOU A COMMIE AGENT?



RORY '4-Q' HAZE! THE NOTORIOUS DOPE-FIEND! I THINK I'LL ARREST YOU...

WAIT! I WISH TO INFORM FOR A SUM OF MONEY...!

WHAT?!



I'M GOING TO COME FROM WHERE I JUST BEEN WENTED FROM TO GO HERE... DEMONIAL RITES...

HOUSE... SWAMP... DEATH...!

RIGHT! LET'S GO!

Meanwhile, within the eldritch mansion, Sadie and Styne wait impatiently...



HE'S PROBABLY TRYIN' TO HAVE A SHIT SOMEWHERE...

LOOK!



HE'S COMING!

MY DEMON BUBBLES UP BELCHING FROM HELL!

OOOHHH
OO OHM!
IT'S HORRIBLE!



At that moment Dan and Whirling Willie sped full pelt toward the unholy house...

DAN MANIAC!
I'LL FOLLOW HIM. BOUND TO LEAD TO TROUBLE.

And simultaneously burst in as the Evil Demon heaved forth from the sulphurous Beelzebubian pit... A smoking entity rapidly accumulating substance, solidity and form.



HEE HEE!
WELCOME! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

HOLY BALONEY!

GOOD LORD!

I'VE PISSED MY PANTS..!

Demon's gaping maw ...

MOTHERFUCKERRR!

A black and white illustration of a muscular, horned creature with a wide, toothy grin, wearing a tiger-print bikini bottom. The creature has large, curved horns and a fierce expression. The illustration is highly detailed with cross-hatching for shading.

whilst , nearby , Dan opened up with his Tommy-gun .

HA-HAAA! SHOOT ALL YOU WANT YOU FOOL ! MY BEAUTIFUL DEMON IS INDESTRUCTIBLE ! TOGETHER WE SHALL RULE THE WORLD !

DIE, YOU HELLISH FUCKIN' FIEND.

HA-HAA...! snarkh!

BRAAAP!

A black and white comic book illustration of a man in a fedora and trench coat, smiling while holding a large machine gun. A speech bubble above him says "EXPIRE, YOU HEINOUS HYENAS..!" and the word "BRA" is written in large letters to the right.

Alas, Slyme was not so fortunate.



FUD-FUD
FUD-FUD!
FUD!

Sadie hurled poisonous farts at Dan whilst he furiously blasted away. Suddenly the Demon espied Rory...it was love at first sight!



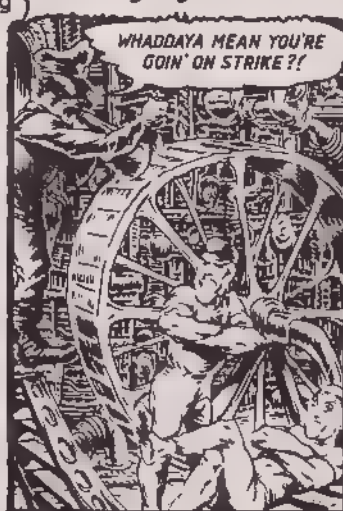
Wrapping her thighs around Dan's head Sadie leaped ass-first straight into the Demoniactal pit!



Dan had somehow slipped deep inside Sadie's vagina. He sat glumly pondering the meaning of life, fate and destiny.



And to top it all off he was having engine trouble!

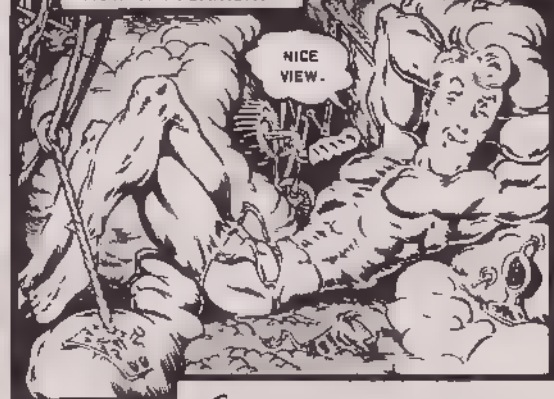


But, what can we do about it? Do we want to? Do I? Do you? Why? Who are you? What?

Nimbley they tip-toed from the battleground, hitching rides from a passing Nude Motorcycle gang.



Whirling Willie had settled comfortably into his new environment.

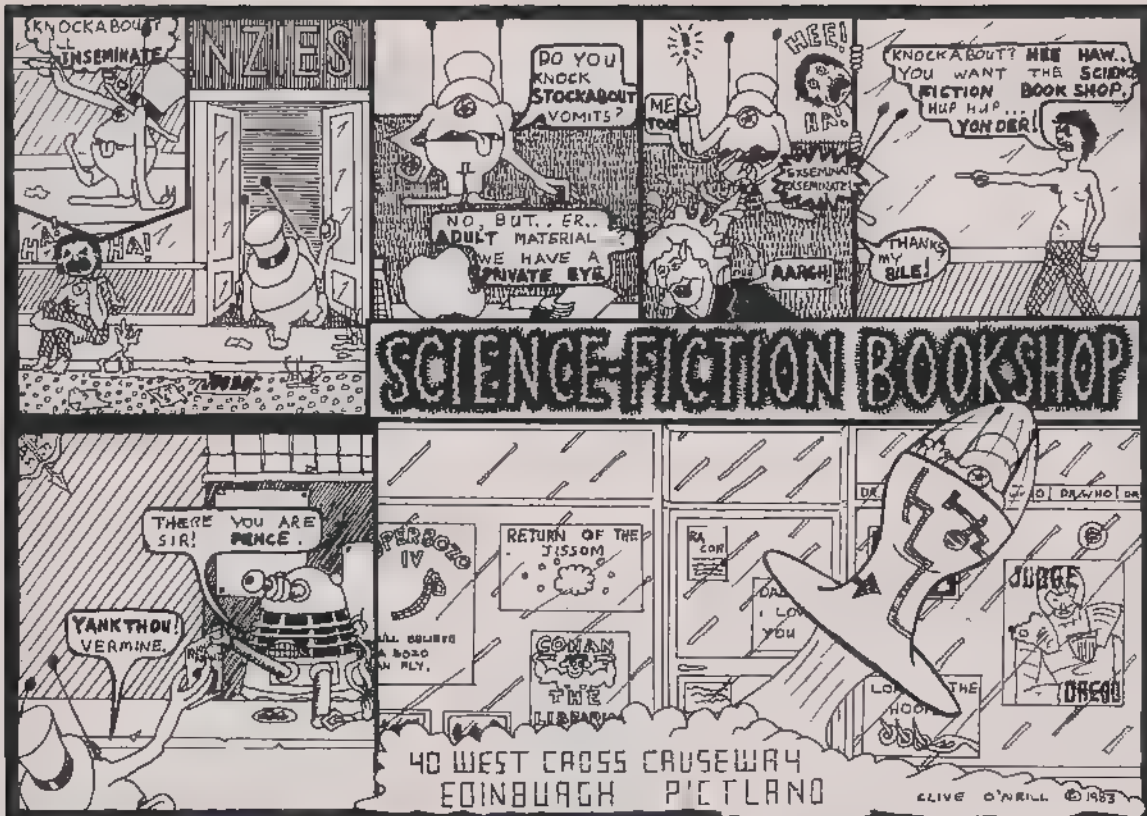


Time spirals onward. The smilin' Sun keeps on spinnin' around our ancient flat Earth. The 'Old Red Moon' exerts it's Mysterious Influence on Man and Machine. The World just keeps on 'keepin' on', fuelled by midgets.



Nature Fucks, Shits, and Eats itself like some onwardgoing Californian Motorcycle gang on it's honeymoon in Florida.

THE END



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METAL PARS

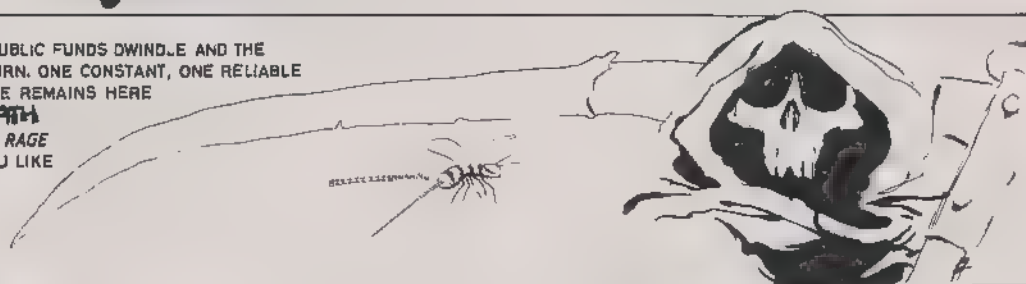
"THE OLD COMEDY PURSUES ITS CONVENTIONS
AND DIVIDES ITS IDYLS"
— RUMBOLD.

STEF
OBERG

AS THE PUBLIC FUNDS DWINDLE AND THE
CITIES BURN, ONE CONSTANT, ONE RELIABLE
PRESENCE REMAINS HERE

DEATH

IT'S ALL THE RAGE
WHETHER YOU LIKE
IT OR NOT..



NOW AS OUR CAST ARRIVES AND THE BUILDINGS CRUMBLE
THE WAR BEGINS...

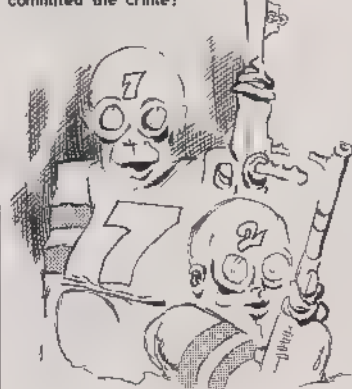


FEATURING DEATH'S MESSENGER BOYS:

Johnny Ruin, the eternal child...Leader of
the 'Desolation Children...



The TimeCops who can arrest you
up to a year before you've
committed the crime!



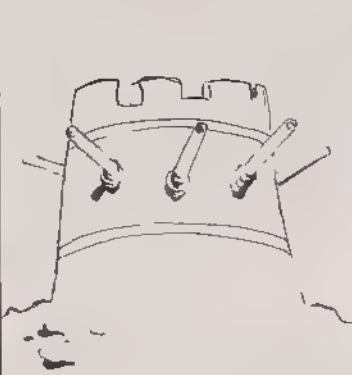
Giant insect hords, rancid and angry from
a million years in the swamps and the shit ..



.. musicians and artists wallowing in
the carnage...



The impervious 'Think Turret' constantly on
the move. No-one's too sure who's inside it ..



And, antediluvian horrors invading the beaches,
back to reclaim the earth..



TEA

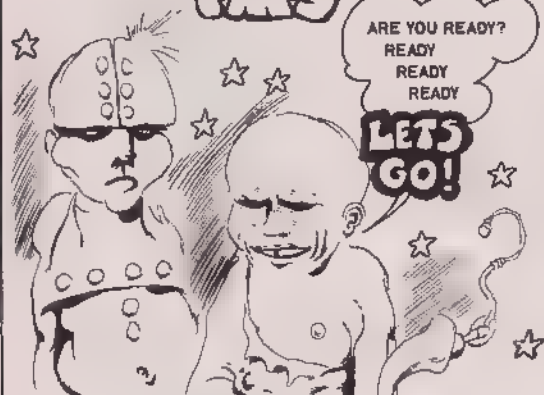
© 1989

METAL PARS

TWO YOUNG KIDS
ON THE SKIDS...

ARE YOU READY?
READY
READY
READY

LET'S GO!



Johnny Ruin

AND HIS PAL RIVETFACE WHO PISS ON THE
PAST AND FUCK THE FUTURE AND RIDE ADVENTUROUS THRU
THE RUIN STREWN PRESENT ARE SOUGHT BY A PAIR OF
TIMECOPS FOR DISOBEYING THE HOLY CALENDAR...

WATCH OUT NUMBER FIVE-THIRTY A.M.
HE'S A COCKY BASTARD BY
ALL ACCOUNTS.

HOODOOOO
ZZIT?

**KLUNK
KLUNK**

I HEARD YOU
SERGEANT SEVEN-
FIFTEEN.



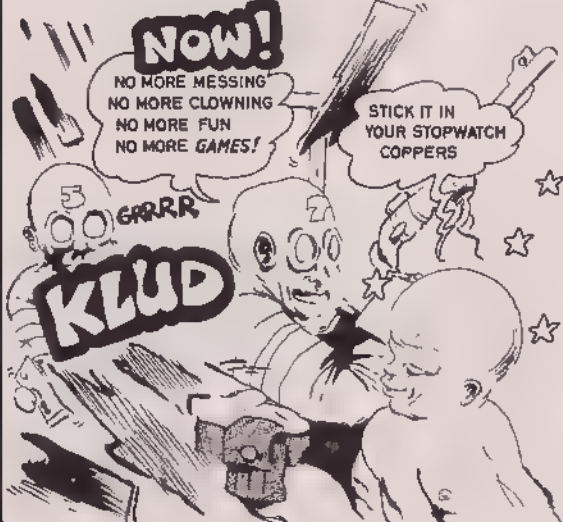
NOW!

NO MORE MESSING
NO MORE CLOWNING
NO MORE FUN
NO MORE GAMES!

STICK IT IN
YOUR STOPWATCH
COPPERS

GRRR

KLUD

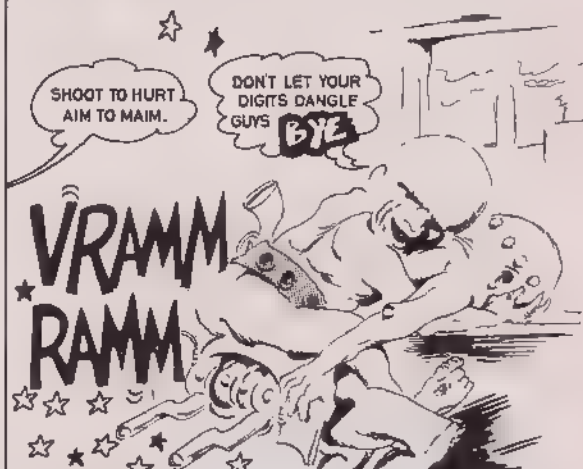


AS THE TIMECOPS BURST IN, JOHNNY AND HIS MULTI-PURPOSE
PAL RIVETFACE WERE ALL PREPARED TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE...

SHOOT TO HURT
AIM TO MAIM.

DON'T LET YOUR
DIGITS DANGLE
GUYS **BYE**

**VRRAM
RAMM**



SO THE KIDS TAKE OFF INTO THE SMOG-FILLED YONDER...

WHOOOOOSH



.. OVER THE SMOG THE FOG THE MIST AND THE GRIME, CAUSING HAVOC
BURNING BUILDINGS. BEING CHEEKY. **JOHNNY RUIN**, BORN TO BE
YOUNG FOREVER, LEADER OF THE DESOLATION CHILDREN
HERO OF THE UNBORN etc, etc..



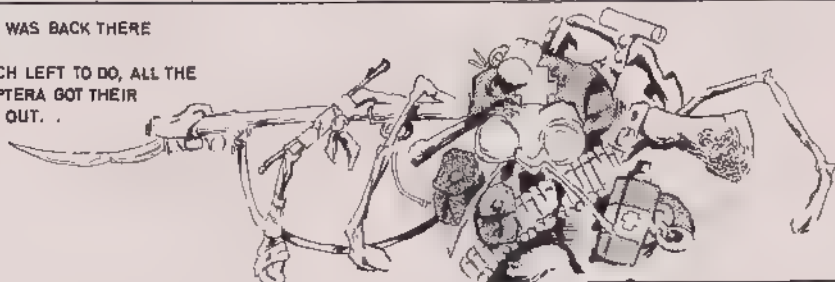
STEE
GIBSON
1983

Metal Raps

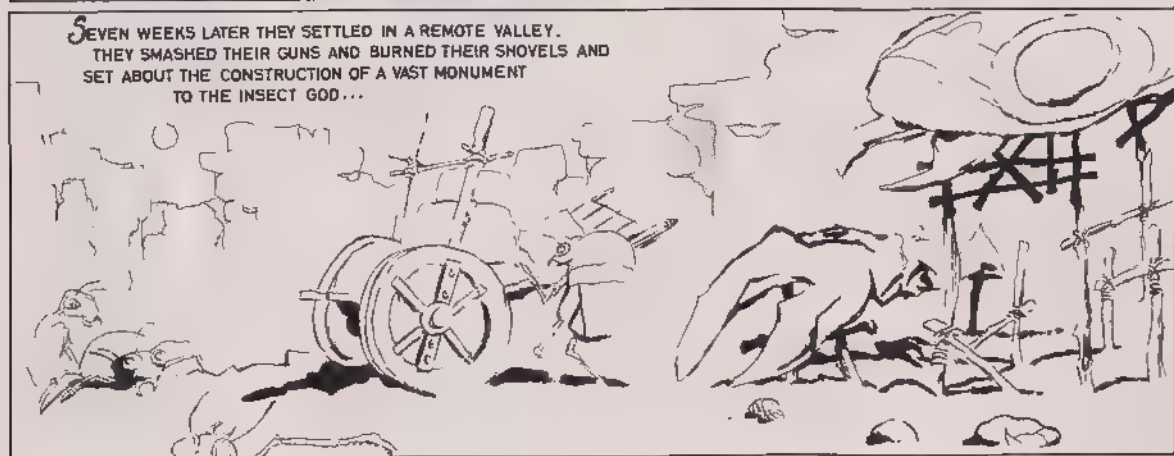
BLACK BELLIED NIGHT INSECT FARTS AND DREAMS...
NEW YEARS DAY 1984 AND COLONEL NUNG HO OF
LOCUST PATROL RETURNS TO HIS VILLAGE AFTER
MIDNIGHT MANOEUVRES...



I REMEMBER THAT DAY WHEN I WAS BACK THERE
IN 'SPIDER SQUADRON'
AFTER THAT THERE WASN'T MUCH LEFT TO DO, ALL THE
SPIDERS, LOCUSTS AND COLEOPTERA GOT THEIR
THINGS TOGETHER AND MOVED OUT. .

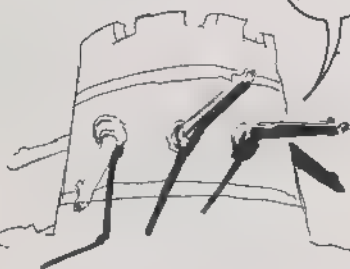


SEVEN WEEKS LATER THEY SETTLED IN A REMOTE VALLEY.
THEY SMASHED THEIR GUNS AND BURNED THEIR SHOVELS AND
SET ABOUT THE CONSTRUCTION OF A VAST MONUMENT
TO THE INSECT GOD...



JOE
GIBSON
1983

METAL PAPS



THE THINK TURRET CAME LUMBERING OUT OF CAPITAL CITY ONE DEAD THURSDAY SUCKLED ON METAL PAPS, AND RAISED ON BAD DREAMS.

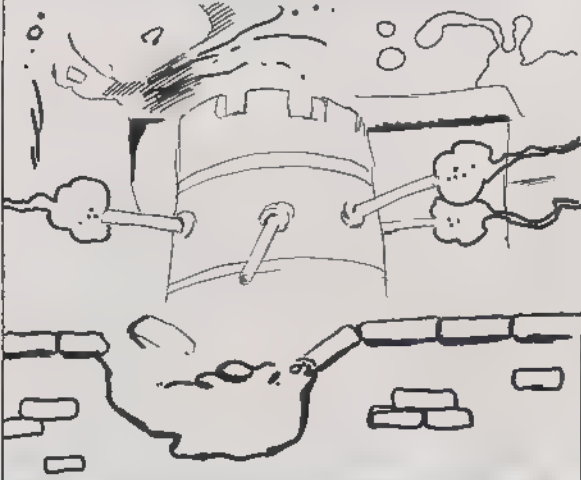
IN ITS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH TWO THOUSAND RENEGADES FROM 'LOCUST PATROL' LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED INSECTS SURVIVED... WILLIAM THE RAMPANT CENTIPEDE DIED HERE...



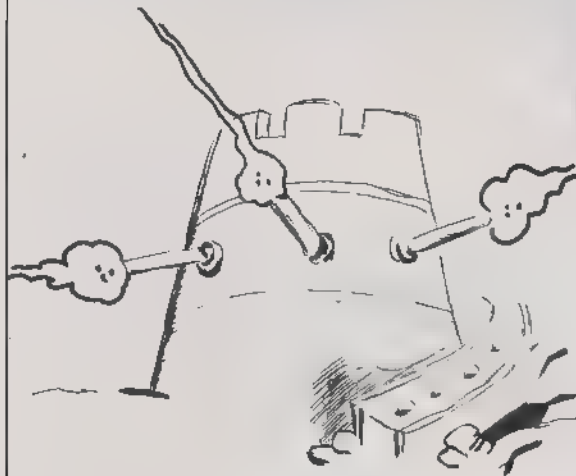
LATER IN THE DAY IT EMERGED TWO CONTINENTS AWAY IN A SCHOOL PLAYGROUND AND MASSACRED THE CHILDREN. POTENTIAL GENERALS, DEFECTORS AND POLITICIANS. NO ONE SURVIVED.



IT WAS OBVIOUS SOMETHING HAD GONE HAYWIRE WHEN/WHILST PASSING THE TIMECOPS MAIN STATION, THE TURRET CASUALLY DESTROYED IT. QUESTIONS WERE ASKED INVESTIGATIONS WERE MADE... BUT NO RESULTS APPEARED.



THE DAYS DRAGGED ON AND THE TURRET CONTINUED TO DESTROY EVERYTHING IT PASSED. WAS IT SOME EXPERIMENT GONE WRONG THAT NO-ONE DARED OWN UP TO? NOBODY KNEW THE ANNIHILATION WENT ON...

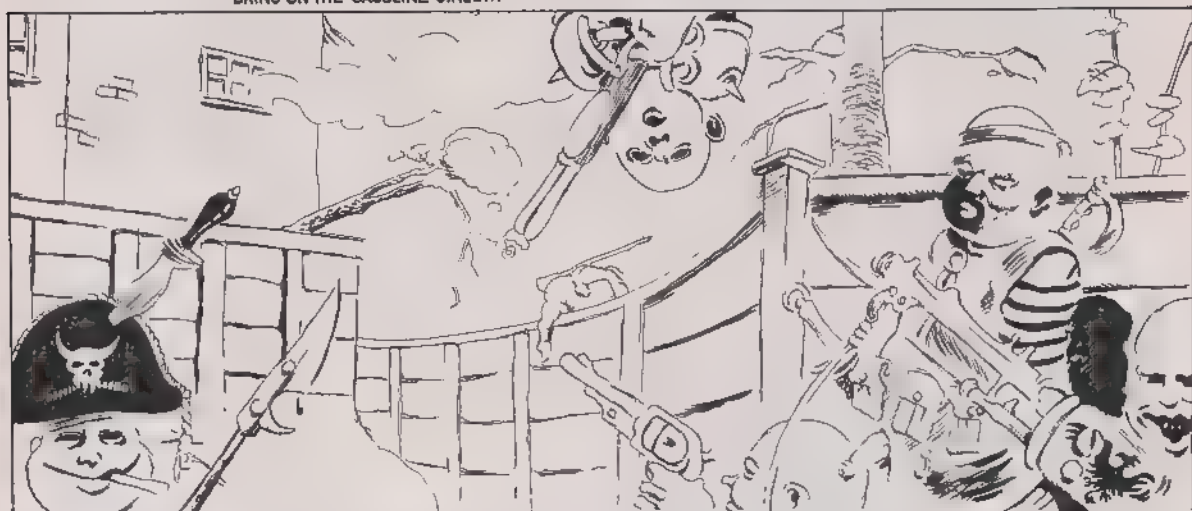




...MORE FANATICAL GROUPS WERE ORGANIZED. MORAL MARAUDERS BURNED LIBRARIES, CLOSED PUBS, BOMBED COMIC SHOPS AND APPEARED ON T.V. CHAT SHOWS...



MEANWHILE; CHAOS IN THE SUBURBS. HORDS OF 'DESOLATION CHILDREN' POPPED UP ALL OVER THE PLACE, GUNSHOPS AND MUSEUMS WERE LOOTED FOR WEAPONS. ON THE STREETS: THE ARMS OF CEYLON AND KAMPUCHEA, OF SAAREBRUCK AND NATO. ALL THE WARS OF DOMINATION AND INDEPENDENCE RE-ENACTED ON THE STREETS. MURDER AND MAYHEM. BRING ON THE GASOLINE GIRLS...



ACROSS TOWN THE TIMECOPS, THOSE FOR WHOM TOMORROW WAS YESTERDAY AND NEXT WEEK A THING OF THE PAST, MADE SURPRISE RAIDS ON BEDSITS AND APARTMENTS...TERRORISTS, MUGGERS, AND QUAINT CABBAGE SAINTS. NO-ONE GETS AWAY FROM THE TIMCOPS.



PIND AS FOR US WE RETURN TO OUR TEXTS OUR HOVELS AND OUR DREAMS...

BUT, REMEMBER THIS.
EROS IS THE ONE WITH A PERMANENT HARD-ON
DEATH IS THE EUNUCH WITH A KNIFE FOR A COCK—



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1972 Ten Years of Alchemy on the Portobello Road 1982

Photo: Steve Percival



Bryan Talbot, of Brainstorm Studios, signing copies of his works on a recent visit to Alchemy.

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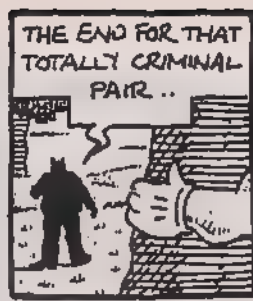
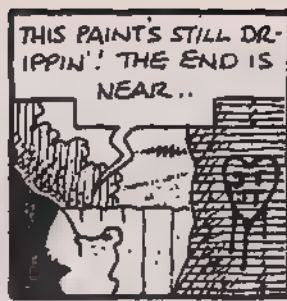
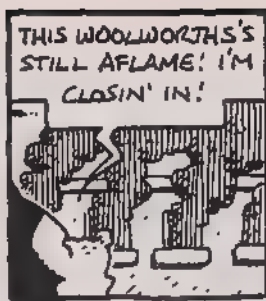
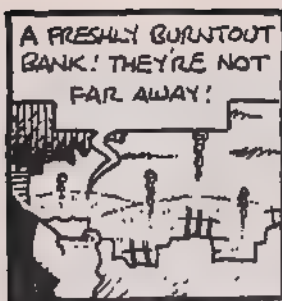
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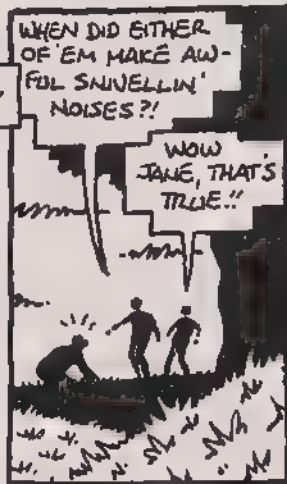
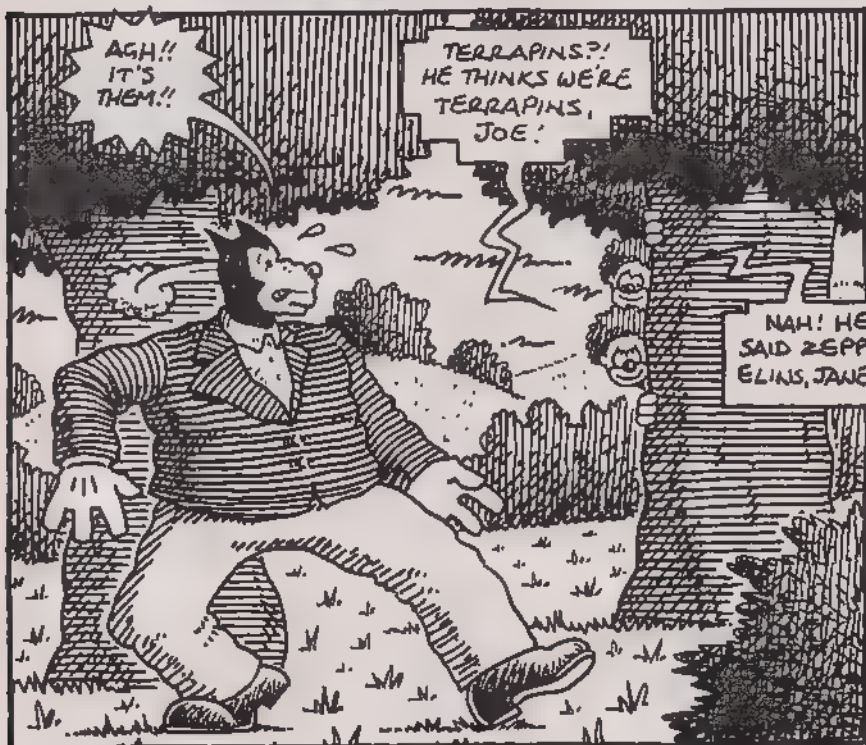
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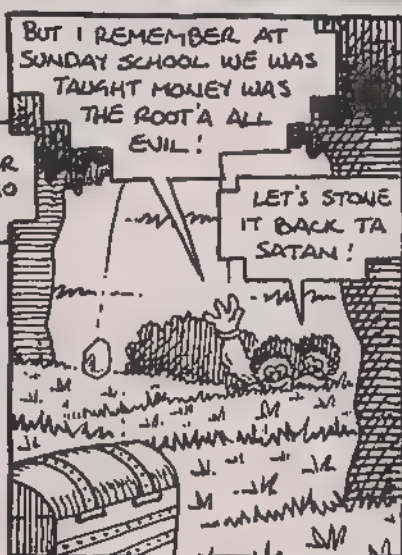
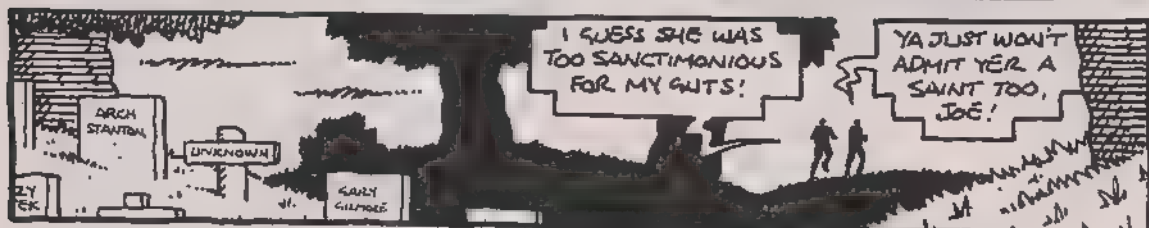
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 Wine

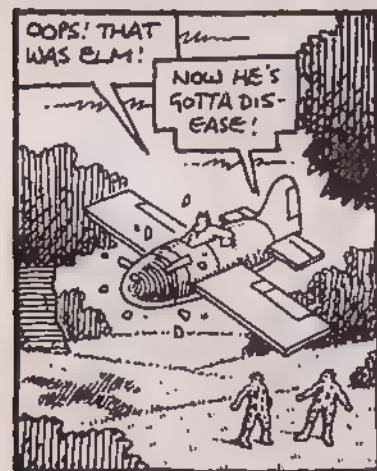
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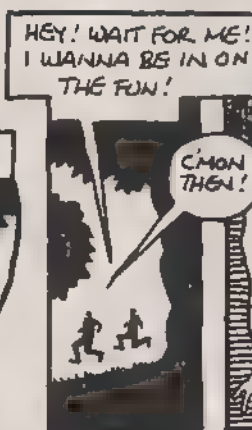


The TERROR TWINS









WELL I AIN'T
NO EXPERT ON
EYE MATTERS..

FZT
ZZZ

W/G POWER
CABLE



..BUT I KNOW HOW
TA CURE A PEEPIN'
TOM OF HIS BAD
HABIT!

U/G PATH OF
CABLES TO
CAMERA



DOCTOR JOE'S
KWIKACT EYE
LOTION WELL
ON ITS
WAY..

FIVE..

FOUR..

THREE..

TWO..

ONE..



SIX PAIRS CURED
IN ONE GO! THAT
STUFF OF YOURS'S
SURE POTENT!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

AK!

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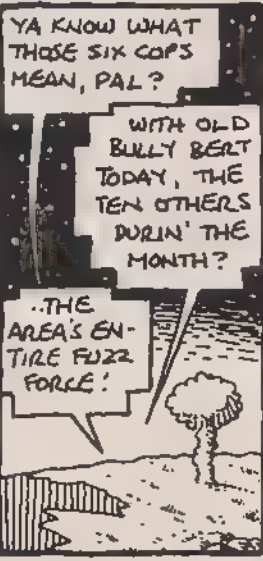
AK!



YA KNOW WHAT
THOSE SIX COPS
MEAN, PAL?

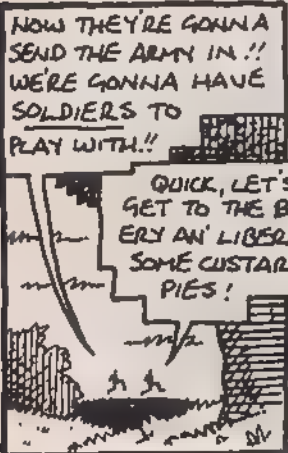
WITH OLD
BULLY BERT
TODAY, THE
TEN OTHERS
DURIN' THE
MONTH?

..THE
AREA'S EN-
TIRE FUZZ
FORCE!



NOW THEY'RE GONNA
SEND THE ARMY IN!!
WE'RE GONNA HAVE
SOLDIERS TO
PLAY WITH!!

QUICK, LET'S
GET TO THE BAK-
ERY AN' LIBERATE
SOME CUSTARD
PIES!



Y'KNOW, IT
AIN'T A BAD
LIFE AT
ALL!

YEAH, DUMB
HOW SOME FO-
LK DISAGREE!



IN FACT IT'S A
BEAUTIFUL
WORLD!

IT GETS
MY VOTE!



HEY! A
BAKERY!!

THE FUTURE
LOOKS BRIGHT!



END

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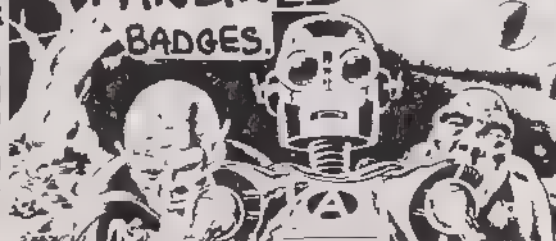
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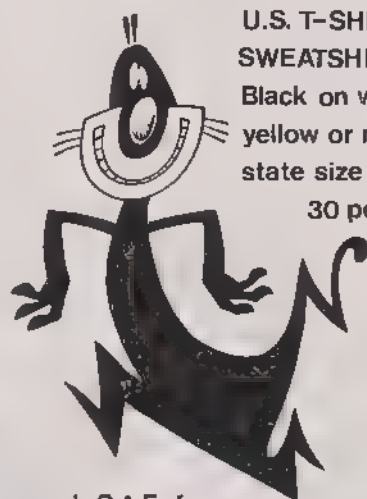
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HERE, FOLKS IS A GENTLE TALE CONCERNING.

The Jaws of Radiation

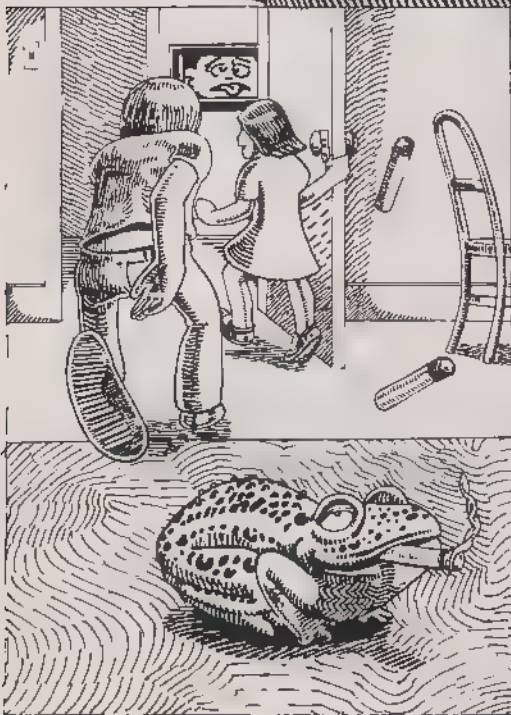
by John
Strasburg

IT BEGINS IN THE
MODEST SUBURBAN HOME
OF THE SLUDGEFORDS

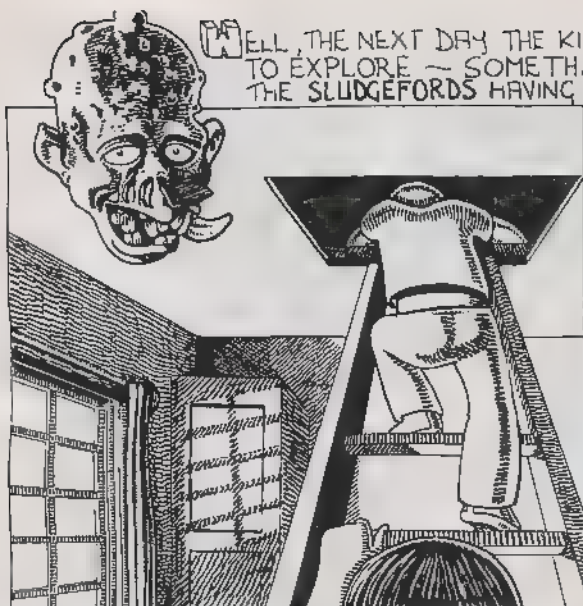


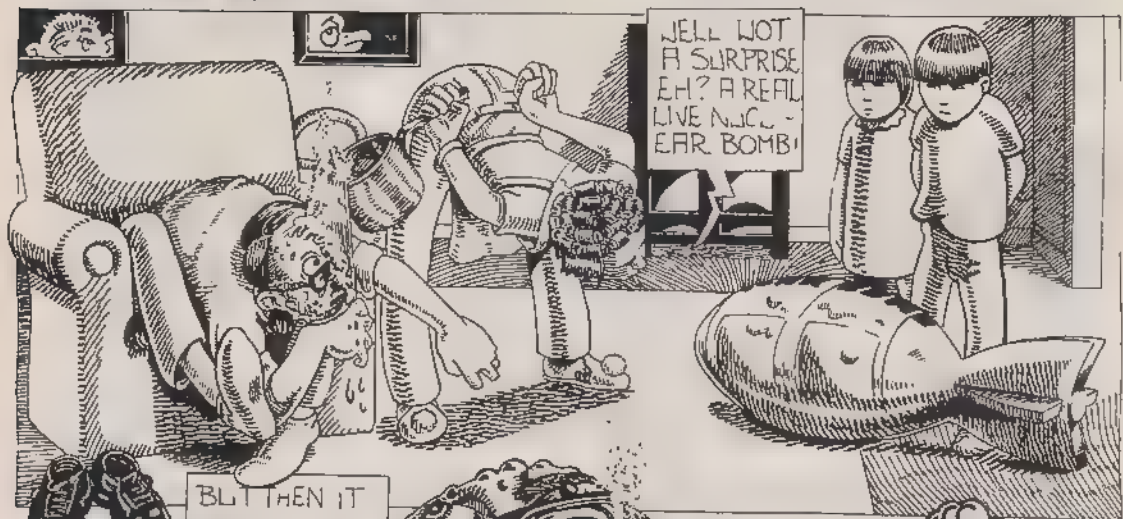
MUMMY!
BILLY'S SOBBING
TEASING ME!!



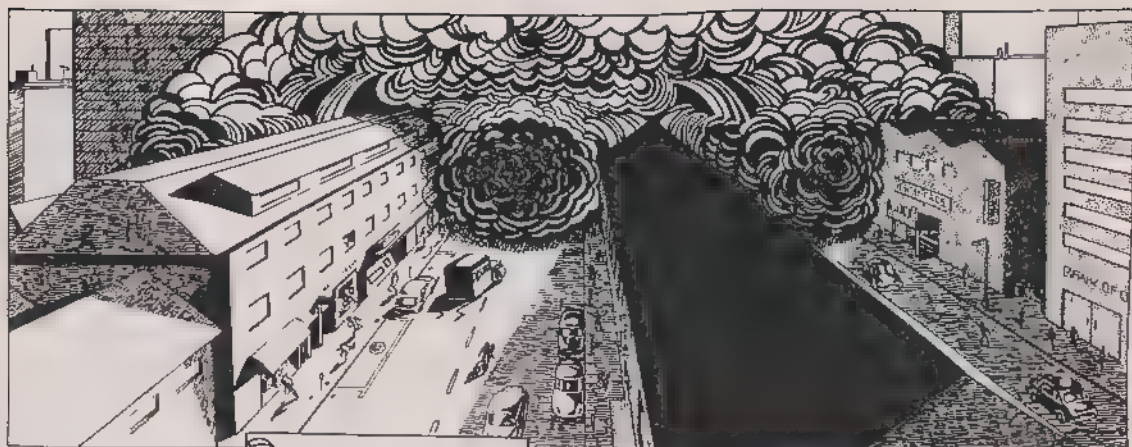


WELL, THE NEXT DAY THE KIDS DECIDED TO GO UP INTO THE ATTIC TO EXPLORE — SOMETHING THEY HADN'T EVER DONE BEFORE, THE SLUDGEFORDS HAVING RECENTLY MOVED IN





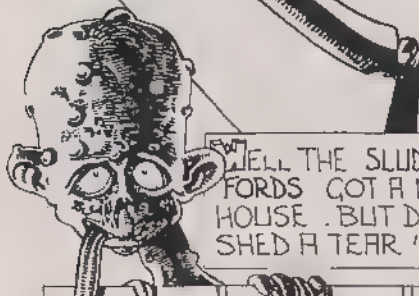




RADIATION SWEEPED
THROUGH THE STREETS



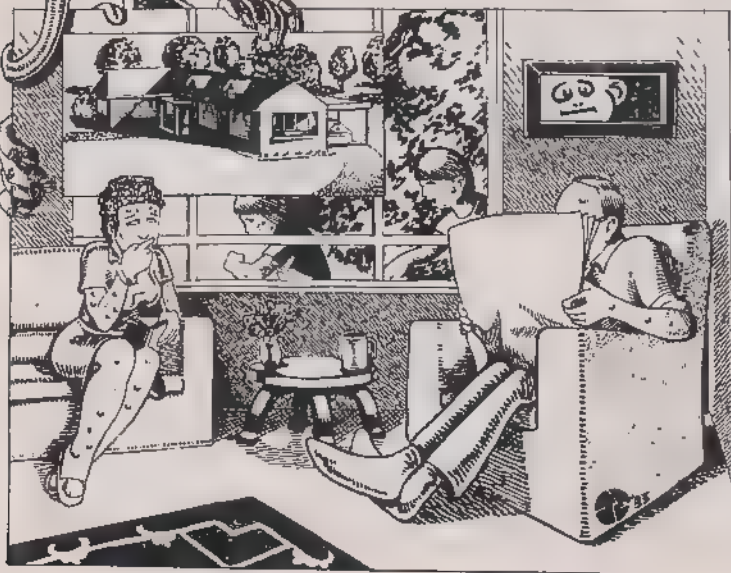
INFECTING THE ENTIRE
CITY AND ALL INSIDE IT.



WELL THE SLUDGE-
FORDS GOT A NEW
HOUSE. BUT DON'T
SHED A TEAR!



THIS STORY ENDS HAPP-
ILY! EVERYONE LOOKED SO
AWFUL THAT NO ONE NOT-
ICED MR. S.'S BLISTERS!



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MINORITY



DAT'S A
HEAVY RAP
FER A LITTLE
GUY

HELLO HANDSOME
FEELING LONELY

AUH!?

DON'T WASTE
YER TIME—I
AIN'T YER
TYPE

OH COME ON—
I'M NOT PREJUDICED

NAH—NOT
CUZ I'M BLACK—
DAT AIN'T IT

HEY—I'M NOT
BOTHERED YOU'RE
A MIDGET—IT'S
KIND OF CUTE

NAH—
THAT AIN'T IT
EITHER

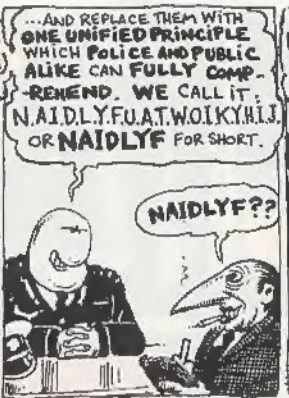
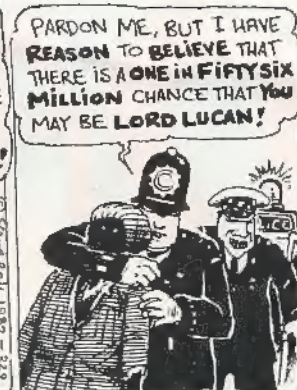
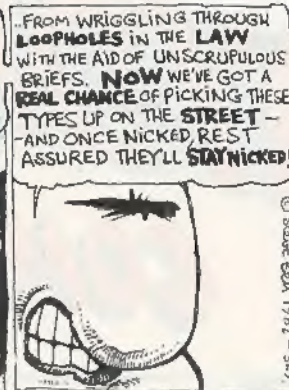
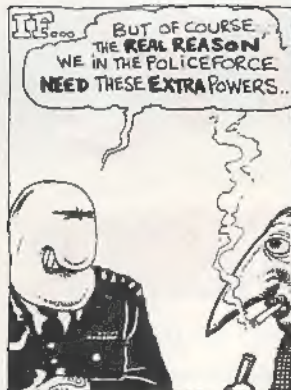
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THE PROBLEM
SUGAR

I'M
GAY!

OH REALLY?!

ME TOO

IT WUZ
INEVITABLE



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